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FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



"NIGHTSCAPES"

The many moods of night.

**Songs of the after-dark by Schubert, Mendelssohn,
Fauré, Brahms, Strauss, Boulanger, Barber, Crumb....**



JO-ANNE BENTLEY, MEZZO-SOPRANO
WILLIAM AIDE, PIANO



FEBRUARY, FRIDAY the 13TH AT 8:00PM
WALTER HALL, EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING

Tickets \$15/10

For information call (416) 978-3744

RECITAL PROGRAMME FOR FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

February 13th

Jo-Anne Bentley, mezzo-soprano

William Aide, piano

NIGHTSCAPES

"heilige Nacht"

Im Abendroth

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne

Nachtlied

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

"au clair de la lune"

Clair de lune

Joseph Szulc (1875-1956)

Clair de lune

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Reflets

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

The Sleeper

George Crumb (b. 1929)

"of goblins, ghosts and graveyards"

Neue Liebe

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Le spectre de la Rose

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Danse Macabre

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

The Graverobber (from *A Cynic's Cycle*)

Robert Baksa (b. 1938)

"how silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night"

O komme, holde Sommernacht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Traum durch die Dämmerung

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Nocturne

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Nocturne

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

All Night by the Rose

John Musto (b. 1954)

The Whistlin' Thief

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

"the watch that ends the night"

The Night

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

When night is almost done

Robert Baksa (b. 1938)

Ushas (Dawn)

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

"heilige Nacht"--"holy Night"

Im Abendrot / In the Evening Glow

Carl Lappe

Oh, how beautiful your world,
Father, when it shines golden!
When your radiance descends,
making lustrous the dust,
and the red, gleaming in the cloud,
sinks into my quiet window!

Could I complain, lose heart,
doubt you, and myself?
No, your Heaven will I carry
here, in my bosom.
And this heart, ere it fail,
shall still drink glow and light.

Die junge Nonne / The Young Nun

J.N. Craigher de Jachelutta

How the gale howls and rages in the trees!
The rafters rattle, the house shivers!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
the night is black as the tomb!

Not long ago, such a storm still raged in me!
My life raged as now the gale,
my limbs trembled as now the house,
my love flamed as now the lightning,
my breast within, was black as the tomb!

Now rage, wild and mighty storm!
In my heart is peace, in my heart is repose,
for her groom there waits a loving bride,
purified by testing fire,
wedded to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, Heavenly Bridegroom, claim Your bride.
deliver her soul from earthly prison.
Hark, the peaceful bell from the tower.
That sweet sound calls me
All-powerfully to eternal heights.
Hallelujah!

Nachtlied / Nightsong

Eichendorff

The bright day has slipped away,
From far off comes the bell's toll;
Night arrives bringing with it
Much that it knows nothing about.

Where are the many joys
Of a friend's comfort,
Of a lover's sweet glance?
Is there no one that I can be happy with?

Be quick! then dear nightingale,
Dear waterfall with your ringing sound,
We will praise God together
Until morning brings light again.

"au clair de la lune"--"in the moonlight"

Clair de Lune / Moonlight

Paul Verlaine

Your soul is a chosen landscape
to which maskers and bergamasks bring delight,
playing the lute and dancing, and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguise.

While singing in the minor key
of victorious love and the propitious life,
they do not seem to believe in their happiness
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

with the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which brings dreams to the birds in the trees
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall, slim fountains among the marble statues.

Reflets / Reflections

Maurice Maeterlinck

In the watery depths where thoughts are
Rising up, my soul is afraid.
And the moon gleams through my heart
To the source of my dreaming.

Under the gloomy ennui of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, palms and roses,
Weeps still at the bottom of the pond.

The flowers drop their petals one by one,
In the reflection of the sky.
They descend forever into the pool
Of my thoughts and the moonlight.

The Sleeper

Edgar Allan Poe

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And softly, softly wafting,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The lady sleeps! My love, she sleeps!
Oh may her sleep, which is enduring,
So be deep, be deep!

"of goblins, ghosts and graveyards"

Neue Liebe / New Love

Heinrich Heine

Not long ago I saw the elves
riding through the moonlit woods,
I heard their horns sound
and their bells tinkle.

Their little white horses bore
golden stags' antlers and flew
swiftly along; it was as if wild swans
drew through the air.

The queen nodded to me
and smiled as she rode past.
Did she mean my new love--
or am I to die?

Le Spectre de la Rose / The Spectre of the Rose

Théophile Gautier

Raise your closed eyelids
caressed by a virginal dream,
I am the spectre of a rose
which you wore yesterday at the ball.

You took me still bepearled
with silver tears from the sprinkler
and amid the starry festival
you carried me all the evening.

O you who were the cause of my death,
you will be powerless to drive away
My rosy spectre which every night
will come to dance by your pillow.

But have no fear, I ask
neither a Mass nor De Profundis.
This light perfume is my soul
and I come from paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy,
and to have known so fair a fate
more than one would have given his life,
for my tomb is upon your breast.

And on the alabaster where I rest
a poet with a kiss
has inscribed: "Here lies a rose
that all kings will envy."

Danse Macabre / Dance of Death

Henri Cazalis

Zig and zig and zig,
Death rhythmically
Is knocking at a tomb with his heel.
Death at midnight plays a dance tune,
Zig and zig and zag, on his violin.
The winter wind blows and the night is dark.
Sighs come forth from the linden trees;
The white skeletons pass in the shadows,
Running and jumping under their large shrouds.

Zig and zig and zig, everyone is frisking about.
One hears the bones of the dancers rattling.
A lascivious couple sits down on the moss
As if to taste the old delights.
Zig and zig and zag, death continues
To scrape endlessly on his shrill instrument.

A veil has fallen! The dancer is nude,
Her partner clasps her amorously,
The lady, they say, is a Marquise or a baroness.
And her dashing cavalier a poor wheelwright,
Horrors! and here she throws off all restraint
As if the boor were a baron.

Zig and zig and zag,--one sees in the crowd
The king romping next to the villain.
But hush, suddenly they stop their dancing,
They push, they flee, the cock has crowed.
What a beautiful night for the poor world.
And long live death and equality!

The Graverobber /The Devil's Dictionary

Ambrose Bierce

"One night," a doctor said, "last fall,
I and my comrades, four in all,
when visiting a graveyard
stood within the shadow of a wall.

While waiting for the moon to sink
we saw a wild hyena slink
about a new-made grave,
and then begin to excavate its brink!

Shocked by the horrid act, we made
a sally from our ambushade,
and falling on the unholy beast,
dispatched him with a pick and spade.

"how silver sweet
sound lovers tongues by night"

O komme, holde Sommernacht / O come lovely

Summer night

Grohe

O come quickly lovely summer night;
You make love the victor!
Many buds burst forth in secret,
Violets open their sweet flowers,
The rose bows her head in the twilight
And then my lover will freely become mine!

*Traum durch die Dämmerung / Dream at
Twilight*

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Wide meadows in the gray of twilight;
The sun has set, the stars appear,
Now I go, making my way
To the most beautiful woman,
Far, through the meadows in the gray of
twilight,
Deep into the bushes of jasmine,
Through the gray twilight of love's land,
I go slowly, without haste;
I am being drawn by a soft, velvet band,
Through the gray twilight of love's land,
Into the gentle blue light.

Nocturne

Maurice Bouchor

The night was pensive and sombre; faintly
Some pins of gold sparkled in the ebony

Of its long uncoiled hair,
Which over us, over the distant sea,
And over the earth,
Enshrouded in sleep full of mystery,
Scattered winged perfumes.

And our young love, dawning in our thoughts,
Awakened on a bed of a hundred frozen roses
Which had lived but a day;
And I said to her, pale and trembling with fever,
That we should die together, a smile on our lips,
At the same time as our love.

Nocturne (from "The Carnival")

Frederic Prokosch

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,

Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.

Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th'Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

All Night by the Rose

Anonymous

All night by the rose, rose,
All night by the rose I lay;
Dared I not the rose steal,
And yet I bare the flow'r away.

The Whistlin' Thief

Samuel Lover

When Pat came over the hill,
His Colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be;

"Mary" the mother said,
"Someone is whistlin' sure;"
Says Mary, "'tis only the wind
Is whistlin' through the door."

"I've lived a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear,
But a door to whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear."

"But mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playing the tune I think."

"Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind."
"But mother, you know, they say
The pigs can see the wind."

That's true enough *in the day*,
but I think you may remark,
That pigs, no more nor we,
Can see anything in the dark."

The dog is barkin' now,
The fiddle can't play *that* tune."
"But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon."

"But how could he see the moon,
When, you know, the dog is blind?
Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be played by the wind."

I'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well 'tis Pat:
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
And go along home out o' that!

And you go off to your bed,
Don't play upon me your jeers;
For though I have lost my eyes,
I haven't lost my ears!"

"the watch that ends the night"

The Night

Hilaire Belloc

Most holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most Holy Night.

When night is almost done
Emily Dickinson

When night is almost done
And sunrise grows so near
That we can touch the spaces,
When night is almost done,
It's time to smooth the hair
And get the dimples ready,
And wonder, we could care
For that old faded midnight
That frightened but an hour.

Ushas/Dawn

Vedic Hymns

Behold the Dawn, the fairest of all visions,
Day's glory now appears. Arise!
For the night hath fled!
Arise and greet the Dawn.

Welcome her! Unveiled she now appeareth,
All things greet her radiant smile.
Borne by wingèd horse and car
She steals across the sky.
Child of heav'n arrayed in shining garments,
Blushing maiden draw thou near:
Sovran lady of earth and sky,
We hail thee as our queen.
Heav'n's breath awakeneth creation,
The sky is all aflame,
Th' eastern Portals open wide.
The Sun draws nigh.

Greeting thee, the holy fire ascendeth,
Greeting thee, our hymns arise,
Greeting thee, the Sun appeareth,
Greeting thee, thy worshippers
Bow down and bless and adore.

Biographies

Jo-Anne Bentley is a Canadian mezzo-soprano who has been described as "a particularly fine example of the breed" having an "attractive voice, mature and even, which has been cultivated with fastidious care and sounds marvellous." (Montreal Gazette) A native of Vancouver, she received a BA (Hons Engl Lit) and a B.Mus. (Musicology) from the University of British Columbia. Ms. Bentley pursued her graduate studies at McGill University where she was awarded M.M.A. degrees in both Voice Performance and Musicology. She remained in Montreal for several years during which she taught voice and song interpretation at Vanier College and McGill University, while maintaining a high performance profile. During her varied professional career she has been a music critic for the Montreal Star, a member of the Tudor Singers of Montreal, a guest artist for many choirs, chamber ensembles and symphonies across Canada and a frequent solo recitalist for CBC radio. "A pure delight", "stunning in format and presentation", "poetry, music, and drama all rolled into one" are some of the ways her performances have been reviewed by the press. Last winter she had the honour of performing at the nationally telecast Governor General's Performing Awards Gala in Ottawa where she sang Gorecki's *Symphony of Sorrowful Songs*, while Karen Kain and her partner Robert Conn danced a newly choreographed pas de deux. Ms. Bentley's singing of the Gorecki was also featured in the recent CBC television documentary *Life and Times* of Karen Kain. A recipient of the prestigious Commonwealth Scholarship, and two grants from the Canada Council, Ms. Bentley presently combines concertizing with teaching in the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto, where she is an Adjunct Associate Professor of Voice. She is President of the Ontario Chapter of the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS), and is Program Co-Chair for the 45th International NATS Convention which will be held for the first time in Canada in July 1998.

Pianist William Aide received his musical degrees from the University of Toronto and the Juilliard School of Music. In 1962, he won first prize in the CBC Talent Festival and the Canada Council Award for Young Performing Artists. Mr. Aide is a distinguished solo recitalist, chamber musician and accompanist, and has collaborated with conductors Walter Susskind, Charles Dutoit, Mario Bernardi, Raffi Armenian, Arthur Fiedler, and Andrew Davis. Glenn Gould referred to him as "one of the most inventive and imaginative pianistic talents of our time."

Professor Aide has recorded the Chopin *Twenty-Four Etudes*, the Brahms *Cello Sonatas* with Ofra Harnoy, and has performed the complete Suzuki method repertoire on a five compact disc set. The BBC and CBC have recorded his performances and he has given concerts in New York City, the former USSR, Chicago, San Francisco, and throughout Canada. In February 1993, and November 1995, Professor Aide served as Artist-in-Residence at the Aix-en-Provence Conservatory of Music which included a performance at the Salle Campra, Aix-en-Provence. A glowing review stated that "one could detect two major strengths from his playing: the extreme quality of his sonority and the sovereign mastery of musical time."

A university teacher of 32 years experience, William Aide came to the music faculty at the University of Toronto in 1978. He currently serves as Chairman of the Keyboard Division.